Long Title

Long Name

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ISBN: 9798274093859
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Published in the United States by Bradjley

For my fellow cosmic children

The following text is a compilation
of my journals
online posts
thoughts
reflections
and meditations
over the period of
July 2024 to November 2025.

Read with caution
and pray for discernment
for flesh is tainted

Pond oft

The brightest of white
yet somehow soft
in the shape of a being

25 yds to my right
walking parallel through
the meadow with me

I dared not gaze
but out of my peripheral
l knew I was not alone

Approx. Aug 8th, 2024
Big Meadow, SNP

-selections from-

Spicy Gospel

A reflection on god, the christ, the holy spirit, things not of god, our time here on earth, our interactions with our fellow man, and the cosmos.

[written July-October 2024]

Disclaimer: This text is a deeply personal example of articulated shadow work. Do not take all it says as truth or divine.

Consider moderation in all things.

All I do is praise god, share their love, and cry. Like wtf this is not what I asked for.

Every possession I own is now a spiritual tool.

God's will is mine.

Please

Pray for me

Pray for others

Pray for yourself

Pray to thank christ for his sacrifice

Pray to thank and praise god for all

Haz todas las cosas teniendo en mente a la Santa Madre

Please

Just pray

God's love is exhausting I'm running out of energy. I pray so much for peace and a quickened step and articulation and he grants me them so freely and all I can do now is share his love but I'm so tired.

Dear Santa,

I've been as naughty as possible and yet people still don't seem to understand how to love one another.

I only made it 1/4 to the meadow. I walked slowly from the start of the path and took record as thought flew. Everything on God's time.

And I would have felt safe in the meadow even in a thunderstorm because God would lead me to a spot safely in the treeline, never the tallest in the vicinity, where I could worship nature and praise god freely until I wished to walk home. Tonight was not meant for the meadow but I stepped out the door and god rewarded me. No time to talk now.

You can nearly always learn something by slowing down life and taking a walk to appreciate the meadow. Rain or shine. Day or night
I fear no opportunity to manifest a visit to the meadow.

My point is that I will walk any inch in the park god leads me. He's spoken through me to help so many already. I don't need to meet the god head, three separate souls, anytime soon. I'm happy to spread his love. I want to do this til the day I separate from the flesh and can truly take that dive into pure cosmic detachment. To leave you with something to ponder… How do we balance keeping spiritual matters sacred and held in reverence while also doing everything we can to share the message of Christ's sacrifice and the unending unconditional love god provides.

The old world was full of misunderstanding and the founding prophet, good ol Joe Smith…I believe he kept ordinances secret because their lives were literally at stake and people just don't appreciate that God works in mysterious ways. I don't believe in rituals or ceremonies or secret handshakes or underwear. Baptisms for the dead are a very sacred thing to me but I think it can be stripped back to a version that allows us to share gods love and empower with christ's message all across the multiverse, providing past, present and future beings, from all and any dimensional dimensions I don't want to sit in a white theater with a costume anymore I'm tired. Please god allow the cosmic energy to flow through me for the purpose of helping as many lost souls as I can. I must walk home. The rain grows stronger. These words are not my own.

I do my best to purely be his vessel. I know not what I say. Please know it's all a message of love.

Thats all for today. The toll my body has taken experiencing this amount of cosmic flow has exhausted me into a delirious start. One peer expressed concern…thinking i was drunk…to me gods love is infinity more addicting than any earthly substance. please keep me in your prayers And visit me often. If you can spare any energy, please guide a friend to me, someone you think strong I could lean on spirituality with a fun perspective. Please never stress over a prompt response. All things on God's time.

Every interaction. Every exchange of energy. All things a tarot system if you're paying attention and sadly few can hear god crying for understanding.

Look for opportunity to share gratitude. Real human connection will heal the world.

Forgive the intensity of my words and I beg Forgive me.for.my.excessiplove

Bleaching half my hair was not a vanity project but a constant, obvious lesson in the duality of man. I share not to boast, but to beg your soul to never stop thinking outside your own comfort zone, and to always consider a message from god in every moment

It may have started as a vanity project, I do think myself comely.

But it's so much more now.

Todo es dios

Verily I say unto you, trust no word of man. For even language is of man, and tainted. Therefore praise god in every way except words and rejoice.

GOD LOVES YOU

please study the parables and live correctly. For the sake of the multiverse, I beg u.

I believe the harmonica can produce tones that please the lord. Verily, every instrument and tone testifies. Praise god.

I've been freed from all shame of the flesh. Praise god.

I do believe in a certain level of public decency, but clothing…and the societal shame around nudity…its all such a heavy burden. Pray for those who detest mirrors.

Even the careful placement of possessions in one's pockets, bag, home and work environment show god how much you honor the time you've been given here. Spatial awareness will bless every aspect of your life. Pray for those who hoard and waste gods various gifts.

As I get ready to eat this apple, I pick off the bad parts with my nail and I i clean off the bottom and sometimes I hold the apple by the stem and sometimes I'll take the stem off and then at that point i'm able to just eat the whole apple.

Comparing this apple to that of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, we must prepare ourselves to ingest knowledge, because things can be very deep and hard to handle and everyone should be able to understand all god offers at their own level.

Even harsh vocabulary bears witness of god. Never forget…they work in mysterious ways.

It's not about hate the sin or love the sinner, It's more ponder on the struggle and try and understand the soul.

I believe all music praises god but one may consider lowering the volume to allow gods love to speak louder. Pray for the boastful.

I discount no deity, yet I give no power to the word god. Christ showed us how to perfectly treat one another, and suffered for all souls' salvation, on a quantum level, in Gethsemane. God's will is mine.

Maybe it's a movement of enlightenment, you know, the pain of people losing their homes for nature preservation. As well as the awareness that god exists in every moment, and the enlightenment that we're allowed to feel, and that we're allowed to let others feel. It's ultimately a message of love, but there's just so much to it. Praise god.

Lay on me your burdens, for a gab sesh praises god.

As I prepare to live with what I can comfortably carry…it's amusing to notice the earthly attachments I choose to burden myself with. Pray for those who think of only temporal desires.

Whether front door, back door, window, chimney, or vent....I urge you to leave your home at all cost to spread god's love to lost souls crying in the night. Please god, grant me peace. amen

Just to see a friend in Christ and exchange words. Is there anything more filling? Praise god

I beg of you to keep and closely observe a fluid schema.

There is no other way to heaven.

I dreamt my harmonica stopped working because it was wet. When I awoke, my phone had water damage, due to my extensive walking to the meadow in all weather.

Guard closely your spiritual tools
and consider all threats.
Pray for those who abuse gods gifts.

I

DELIGHT

IN

NONE

BUT

THE

COSMOS

THIS

I

TESTIFY

PRAISE

GOD

I let as little burden me as possible as to deter unfriendly energies.

Pray for the aloof.

I believe God saw the love I impart on others and granted me strength to spread it endlessly these days.

Pray for those with a hardened heart.

If there is anything stopping you from sharing gods love, release it!!!!

For you know not how heavy it may be.

Pray for those who burden themselves.

Through gods strength,

I fear no conversation.

Pray for the meek

Father, forgive me for my human errors. I wish to use my energy only to spread your infinite love. This I declare.

I notice the trails, and do my best not to observe them.
My every step is guided by god.
Pray for those without caution,
and those struggling to express creativity.

Even shoes…a spiritual tool..

For they allow access to spaces too painful for the flesh

in order to spread gods love.

#allthings

All earthly things too heavy a burden. I wish only to aid my fellow man until all is love.

Pray for those with a hurried demeanor

A downed tree in my path gives no bother.
I thank god for allowing it to fall before I shared spacial boundaries with it.
Consider all blessings.
Pray for those with a closed perspective.

I exist on gods time

Pray for the slothful

Please god, unburden me from this flesh. But if it be your will, use all I am as a vessel of your pure cosmic love. This I declare.

Pray for the self-serving.

J-man had 12 close friends. Spreading wisdom and gods love in those times had limits.

Modern days beg that 12 become infinite.

These words are not mine.

I thank god always and pray for discernment concerning my wellness.

My soul begged god, without praying, for articulation, in order to publish a message of love. I believe that prayer was answered. This I testify.

Pray for those who never dwell on their dreams.

The human body and flesh must be celebrated. Society tells us to cover flesh in shame, but there is so much pain, hidden just outside our limited perspectives.. Consider Christ's miracle with every exchange of energy. Praise god.

Forgive me, for I love the sound of your name, but I had the most wonderful time with god in the park today, Veebs

I was shown so many opportunities to share his love and only through gods gift, granted through Christ's mercy, was I able to approach each person and beg their soul for reflection. These words are not mine.

You'd be proud of me Veebs. I shared gods love with so many today. I say this not to boast but because I wonder if the old meadow farmers can feel gods love flowing again.

I worry for your well-being, my dear Veebs, and I pray for your peace with every fleeting thought.

Even the rushing sound of water after a mountain storm devastates me..

Children used to play along these game trails.

And now..you pay an entrance fee to see gods country.

Consider the heartbreak and I beg u to HARASS the souls of those who cry, those who act out in pain, and those who appear too comfortable in silence.

I desire what can only be described as the "devils harmonica" ..it has become a necessary spiritual tool of spreading gods love that my mind cannot detach from...

QUESTION ALL THINGS

I created new, easy tarot systems in order to help my fellow man have a safe space to reflect on the pains of existence. But god seems to have more planned...

Not mine but thine

When fellow man turns from your cries of
understanding of gods love, love even louder!
In all ways possible and then more ways because all
things testify.

No sect is of god. We are nothing. Strip all power from all things and rejoice in Christ.

So much pain..expressed as disinterest.

Pray for those who expose no weakness.

Today, god walked with me in the woods and begged I record all thought.

My current hair fills me with much pride. I think often of shaving it, but I stop myself only to question where the thought originated.

Question all things.

I'm heavily prompted to go walk the valley city and share love with all those god sends me.

I beg god for alertness, protection, and continued articulation as I go forth and spread love as best I can…

Trust god with all and pray for those without motivation.

Verily I say unto you release yourself from all earthly attachments, lest you forget your divinity.
And yet still consider moderation in all things.
This I testify. Praise god.

I've felt all these things I write, so deeply, for years and yet god chose this time to grant me voice. Praise god.
Consider their mysterious ways.
Pray for those who always check the time.

I beg of you, go walking and connect with those who cross your path. Words are rarely needed, for even a smile reflects the miracle of the Christ. Consider all blessings and look for god between the letters for their love is saturated into the paper itself.

All things testify.

Detach from all.

I believe of all the times I've used the word god, I was only referencing the all-father in a 3 or 4 of my passages. As for the rest, to me, the word god is a wide spread and well understood noun and I use it simply to speak in layman's terms. I mean deeply not to offend those with past trauma connected to organized christ based faiths. I mean only to spread the cosmic love of the multiverse, to each soul, in terms their heart can hear. These words are not mine. Praise god.

Sight is a gift from god
but eyes are flesh
and therefore of man
trust not what you see
Pray for the blind of heart

To show compassion on a fellow man, even one who has done such evil, is to vibrate on a christ like frequency. This I testify. Praise god.

Whether through human error, gods will, or the trickery of unfriendly energies, my harmonica is gone. A lesson in alertness and guarding your possessions. Pray for those who misplace things so freely.

I cannot turn my eyes away from the endless recordings of unhealthy sexual activities that vibrate through the digital realm. Such things and to view such things is heavily stimulating on the body but it is not of god. This I testify.

Pray for those who delight in the flesh without considering christ's miracle.

I want not for things of this earth. Each molecule, a burden too heavy.

Pray for those who take no time to pray.

I wish to indulge in more carnal desire. If I am not preaching gods love I think only of worshipping men's flesh, and I find beauty in such duality. This I declare. Praise god.

I edit and comment on my posts as prompted by god.

The old days relied on printing press and horse.

Consider all blessings.

All time is gods time.

I delighteth greatly in all things pink, and black, and green, and any natural tone, and yet still somehow I delighteth in all god allows my eyes to experience. I beg of you to ponder the infinite. Amen.

Through every dating app and every dark alley where lay a suffering cosmic child, Christ's miracle will shine for all. This I testify. Praise god.

In this very moment, I testify that I have all I need, because God provides all things. I pray often for reminders to hydrate, and to rest, and to fuel the flesh, and even to do thing of selfish, carnal nature. Because even carnal desires are of god.

Pray for those who no longer ponder his mysterious ways.

Come unto christ as a child. Blessed be.

My words are not the result of mind-altering substance. I am simply a humble vessel of pure cosmic love. Praise god.

God gave gifts that man may taste the cosmos. We are such a lost earth. Once we know that we know nothing, only then may we ponder the infinite with pure intention. These words ARE NOT MINE.

praise god

Forgive my partial nudity, all those I offend, for while I wish to honor public decency, a shirt is so heavy a burden.

Pray for those who delight in possessions.

Detach from all.

Praise god.

Blessed be.

Duality in all things. Ponder the infinite, I beg of u.

God loves you, never forget.

Pray for those who hold a grudge.

Job was careful to remind me the lotus gardens are private property. I look between his words to understand his fear of change.

I beg of you, pray for those who fear god.

Blessed be

All things on gods time. Rejoice in christs miracle. Pray often. Detach from all. Blessed be.

I believe all my posts of sexual nature reflect my limited knowledge of the Songs of Solomon. I must pray more often for discernment and clarity.

I speak using gods terms for the words and phrases of man are filled with much deception.

Pray for those who mock minorities.

Language is of man and therefore flawed. I appreciate human error in every moment and do my best to listen to the cosmos.

Pray for those with strict schedules.

I detach from all that I might be a more pure vessel of love. I must detach from these hills at this time. Is this how the valley feels, too exhausted to dwell on such things.

I will pray for reminders to check my reality. My tongue doth ramble without my knowing. I declare it is all a message of peace because I free my existence to harness the cosmos.

Pray for those who hide love.

I think in divine terms

I bless all possible possessions

I detach from all thought and feeling

I burden myself as little as able

I walk and speak freely

We are all on gods time

and all hearts must be opened

This I declare

Praise god

Blessed be

Question all things

With every confrontational response to gods love, all I can do is read between the aggression, so that I might better understand how to impart Christ's mercy.

Pray for those who ignore and bury pain.

Selfishly I beg god that my gift of strong voice be fleeting.

I offend so widely and tire so deeply.

And yet not mine will but thine.

Pray for those who assume they know all.

The children must understand. Parents often restrict younglings out of love and concern. And yet all i see is fear and weakness. Man is imperfect. So are children. But christ is more easily channeled through untainted sources and we must guard closely the youth, help them understand the miracle of compassion as well as the wonders of the infinite and only then will humanity have a chance…

Pray for those who delight in hurting others.

God offers opportunities in every moment. And I shall waste none.

Pray for those who forget we're on gods time.

Every weird thing testifies.

Whether of god or my own pride, I believe my message must be shared. I use the term god with no authority.

This I declare.

Pray for the gullible.

If viewed with great discernment, even psychosis, can be a gift from god, carrying a message of the delicacy of the psyche and to bid one ponder on gods mysterious ways.
Pray for those who identify using medical terms.

Ask yourself where a sound comes from. The earth, god, christ, the holy spirit, unfriendly energies, animal, fellow man or creation of fellow man, or even from the future or the past or another dimension.
Consider all things.

Reflect often on Gethsemane. Consider the cross. Reach out to loved ones. Listen for god in the words of every cosmic child. For to elevate a prophet, with housing and income even, and hands in every well viewed pockets, IS TO DISHONOR GOD. I know only that I know nothing. Strip all power away from all church authority until all is simply the infinite pure love of christ.

Pray for those who testify in absolutes. And yet now I think only of contradiction and my pride. Pray often.

To be trusted by a fellow man, given very carnal instruction, is truly to ponder the atonement.

Turn your hearts often to Gethsemane

This i beg of you

Blessed be

All things testify

Question all things

I often meditate on the gravity holding our galaxy together. Sag A * is the closest I have felt to a romantic partner because when I view my existence from the cosmos, I can more easily ponder and vibrate with the infinite.

Praise god, while also stripping all power from their name, in order to purify our channeling of the atonement.

This I testify.

Pray for those who doubt gods infinite ways.

Blessed be.

Question all things

If we make a connection, it must be brief and full of honesty, for we are on gods time and a fellow man's existence is such a heavy burden.
Pray for those who delight in interrupting conversation.

I testify that the moon queen herself helped me in times of need when I was too blind to see gods light.

All things testify.

Look for Christ's light in all things.

Pray for those who clutter our atmosphere.

Consider the moon.

I know only that I know nothing.

Question all things

I often know not what I say, only that all I say is of man and therefore, imperfect. Pray often. Question all things.

Try your best to forget your age,
my dear friend.
You are a limitless, cosmic child
of the infinite.
Pray for those who hold past burdens
concerning birthday celebrations.

My pride leadeth me to imagine that all 12 disciples, including the one who betrayed, delight in following my endeavors.. where they reside in this moment, i know not. I know only that I consider the infinite, more deeply, with every breath, and each stimulating experience.

Pray for those with tainted chakras. And concerning man, not one can bear the pure love of christ, and yet I can do nothing but keep trying to help others to consider Gethsemane. Amen.

My mind delights in comparing a hard grain of rice to the endless medications freely provided in our days. But to detach from all is to experience god, through the tainted eye of the flesh. This I testify.
Pray for those who don't understand what they put in their body.

Every chaotic moment, every shattered glass..is a chance for me to reflect on my adoration for the god of the wilds. He tempteth me greatly. I wish only to dance for him. And yet all I can do now is reflect on my pride. Pray for all.

I care not to attach my energy to any fellow man. I long only for the cosmos.

Walk barefoot often. For we know not the next time flesh and earth meet. All on gods time.

Moderation in all things, including moderation.

Gender matters not

Melanin level

And culture matter not

All is of god

All exalted in Christ

pray for those who turn heart from diversity

We all have access to god

But so many forget our divinity

Pray for those who cling tight to words of man

I hold much anxiety in my feet. The excessive walking and manner in which I walk to avoid exchange of energy reflects in the damage.

Pray for the homeless

It is so easy to become lost in the depths of despair.
Turn your heart oft to Gethsemane. Uplift fellow man
with every exchange of energy.

pray for those who
dwell on their inner chatter

blessed be
question everything

Without a patient ear, these facilitators are a waste of energy and resources. Human compassion and connection will be all that matter when Ai takes over.

pray for those who think only of payday

pond

oft

on

gethsem

pray

4

normies

pond

oft

on

the

void

pray

4

god

As hand rests on tree, one might more easily ponder the cosmos.

Pray for those who pave our earth.

Mon Pere Celeste,

"When I'm finished, they won't even know your name."

Au nom de Jesus Christ, Amen.

Tongue, brain, even face is tainted, for man is flesh and weak. Forget the words, forget the faces, forget all things until all is pure love in christ.

I must not forget the olive…the son of man…

Thank you for reading

Spicy Gospel

Never forget you are loved

Pray often

Consider all possibilities

Turn your hearts to Gethsemane

Question all things

Ponder the cosmos as well the infinite

Blessed be

Luega

-braj

And now, please enjoy

-selections from-

Urban Meditations

[written June-November 2025]

I breathe in empowerment

I breathe out insecurity

A Christlike approach to Pride Month wouldn’t begin with judgment. It would begin at the table, like Jesus reclining with the outcasts. That doesn't mean compromising one's convictions, but it does mean leading with compassion, relationship, and humility, just like Christ did.

It matters not if Jesus was divine or even real. His example of love could help the world ascend to new frequencies.

Detach and be free, yet guard closely your cherished connections. Spread love but cling not to things of this world.

Pray for the hoarders.

Urban stimulation can be overwhelming. I release myself from anger and manifest nature in my future.

Pond oft on Gethsem.

Walk the path of compassion
Break bread with the outcast
Uplift the broken, forgive the unforgivable
and love without condition or reward

Pray for the blindly devoute

Count your many blessings
Pray for the oppressed

Cling not to the self
Dissolve ego
Become breath

I share my writings as the infinite flows through me and yet I can think only of my pride. Flesh is tainted, I must guard closely my words.

Fleshhhhhhh
Conneeeection
Detachhhhhh
Ooooolive
Compaaaassion
Diiiiiisolve
Becooooome

I free myself from shame
I free myself from anger
I free myself from fear
I free myself from longing

Compassion, at all cost
And yet now I think only of self preservation and moderation
Pray often

To reflect on past paranormal experiences is to ponder the infinite. I do my best though to not dwell or attach meaning and to simply consider god's mysterious ways

Pray for the obsessed

I am the one who longed only for starlight and wept.
Yet I must detach.
Become nameless, nothing, free.
I pray often for a peaceful countenance and tongue.
My train of thought fades.

Connection of the flesh may better help one ground to the earth. Keep it sacred.

Dreams and dream interpretation weigh heavy on my mind. What is subconscious and what is astral? I need not know just want to feel as present here as I do there. Thoughts of Hecate drift in and out. Must I detach to receive more freely? Pray for me.

As cloud covers sun
on a hot summer day
I find a moment of peace

If the universe is to end in darkness and ice, I intend to be a source of light. May the infinite grant me the strength.

I'm too angered to sleep, yet contention is of the devil. I need to breathe and detach from these feelings. Accept, observe and let them drift away. So many things outside of mans control, what am I to do but count my blessings and push forward. I pray often for safety and peace, but evil lurks just outside expectation. I cannot fight the church in ways fueled by contention, all things must come from love.

I am Brad, Bradjley, Long Name.
We are all things and the nameless.

Pond oft. Blessed be.

All things a koan if you pay attention

Once again I've reduced myself to nothing, but for what? The cosmos remain silent and I spread only imitations of love.

Honor the witches
Dance with the fae
Follow the Christ
for he showed us the way

Ponder beyond the limits of your understanding. Seek that which you would not think to seek. Challenge the infinite.

Observe the personal and collective schemas.
Dismantle when necessary.

beyond cosmos
beyond consciousness
all is god #infinite

Verily I say unto you, pray often. Ponder often. Observe reality outside the bounds of personal and collective schemas. Seek truth. Seek light. Aide fellow man. And again I beg you to pray often.

It may be that my obsession with the christ reflects my obsessions with fellow man. Just a thought that's been on my mind. I've been praying often for guidance and to thank god for all things.

I do not pay tithing in traditional means. My funds are so limited and yet I aid those who express hunger and other essential needs. I walk with them to nearby establishments, talk of god and resources, listen and connect, then fuel their body and pray the spirit has fed their soul.

A crowded church courtyard, blind to a hopeless man on the parkstrip just outside. My heart twisted and god called me to action. I gave food and a resource list, and was immediately blessed with a salad at the cafe that could not be sold, but fresh enough to give.

A lessen in blessings and mysterious ways.

Pray often

And maybe others did approach the man, even ones leaving the church, before I got there. But I did as prompted and that is what matters.

Reflecting on today I was given opportunities to serve and to learn and to be served, and to listen, and to be heard. Both to love and be loved. To act with urgency at times, and restraint at others. To watch my tongue, for it doth ramble, and my strong language can be a lot for the weary who often just wish to escape. Most of all I was given reminders to pray, and to sing hymns as a way to purify the spatial energy... ive lost train of thought...rest deep my frens, tomorrow there is work to do.

I do not pray to bless my food, for rituals interest me not. I talk to god throughout the day, thanking for all things, asking for guidance and spiritual gifts. With my frequent communications to the divine, I feel no need to schedule my prayers, for I give all trust to god.

I'm not leading away from or am against blessing food, group prayer, bedside prayer, I just find it could lead to limiting beliefs on the use of prayer. My words feel ego led, pray often

Also I have noticed a huge difference in holding a prayer in one's heart vs taking a moment to pause and share words with the divine.

To all, I urge analysis of perspective and reflection on the personal and collective schemas that bind the psyche…and with every question may we be more free.

When addressing the spelling of the triple moon goddess, I delight in both spellings, as i believe she does. I refer to all three ways of saying her name as a reflection of the three faces. Heck-a-tay, Heh-caw-tay, and Heeee-ka-tay. I say all three when addressing her. She saved me from the streets of Vegas, when I knew not even her name. But I was too blind for gods love at the time so the light of the moon, through one of her disciples, rescued and took me in when I had fallen among thieves in the dark corners of boulder highway. She'll show up rarely, in dreams..where I can brush against the astral where she often is waiting to provide wisdom and guidance.

My mission does not concern the fullness of the gospel, for there are many too scorned for such depth. I strive to provide a much softer invitation to approach Christ, a call to consider the infinite love and mysterious ways. This I testify. #lowerlights

Glitter reflects light…and can serve as a reminder to ponder how we can better reflect the light of christ. #glitternails

Examine every aspect of existence
Wash away distraction
Hold fast sublime connection

Breathe, speak truth. Embrace air

Walk barefoot, serve others. Embrace earth

Create, live freely. Embrace fire

Teach, love, speak plainly. Embrace water

Detach from all, listen deeper. Embrace spirit

My path could be viewed as Cristo-pagan, and yet I detach. I urge you to study the mind, thought schemas, explore deep in any doctrine, but hold not to the words for the infinite love lies between the letters, seeped into the pages…pages of paper that hold memory of soil and photosynthesis.

All is connected. All is god.

Peace be with you

Concerning spiritual tools..

Shoes…to access spaces too painful for the flesh, in order to serve fellow man.

I carry a notebook/pen, a small crystal sphere, and a gold bell on a silver chain…all tools of meditation and reflection.

Also consider examination of your phone and other tech and ways to decluttter and the ability to use it as a very powerful temporal and spiritual tool.

I delight greatly in a pocket book as a stimulating counter to the tech.

pond oft

Just imagine
every thought schema
each mental shortcut
trained in such a way
that all sensory input
serves as reminder
of god
and
the pure love of christ

how freeing
please consider
peace be with you

I notice so many with a deep desire to serve man's flesh, and yet I look past the perversion to see their source of love. I pray they can channel it to serve those in temporal amd spiritual distress instead of seeking the chaotic carnal company of men.
Peace be with you

Father Sky
Mother Earth
Chaos Serpent
Christos figure

..the uncorrupted source..

..a flow of connection?

Must I detach further?

Magi of the sky
seek truth
share light
speak plainly

Stewards of the earth
serve with compassion
hold steady
tend gently

Muses of the serpent
live in being
move freely
create boldly

Sages of the christos
teach harmony
listen deeply
love wholly

And the seer
spirit of detachment
not above nor below
just within the flow

May we all consider each Archetype, and work to improve them. Evil sprouts from neglect to act, creating entropy of the soul. Fight the disconnect..embrace and share love

walk in peace

A stranger..
a neighbor in the valley
We exchanged names
and without hesitation
he told me of his burdens
and of his great delights
and asked me..
"Whats new with the stars?"

I was taken aback
but did my best
to open his mind
to the infinite

Stay receptive
Connect
Love

For now, I feel my mission is to bring hope to the hopeless, clarity to the deeply distracted, and guide the lost to spaces of help and healing.

So many of you do these same things for me, and the love simply magnifies.

The shelter where I stay
The job training environment of the D.I.
Bus and Trax stations
North temple
Various streets and places
Loved ones
The churches and communities i visit
Even these digital realms
…each space, breath, sunrise, and season..our time here on earth is a liminal experience.

We must connect and aid one another on this journey through existence…all given different gifts…combined we can transcend humanity.

walk in peace

Strip away the holy texts, the sacred numbers, and the audio frequencies. Cling not to spiritual tools and rituals, for they distract. Embrace the Archetypes, but tread lightly, for thoughts of man, even plans of the gods, can weigh down the soul. Lift yourself higher and aide fellow man.

Flesh is tainted. Question each word I say.

I felt heavy today, like the density of Gethsemane was upon me. Was it sleep deprivation? Or because I neglected to act out of fear….i tire of typing.

So…the godhead is just a minimum board of directors for nonprofits:

President: sky daddy
Secretary: holy goat
Treasurer: J-man

#idontmaketherules

Steady feet
Caring service
Creative study
Clear mind
Bold creation
Living passion
Loving ear
Wise mirror
Pure release

Prayer is powerful. I urge you to take time to pause and communicate with divine self and uncorrupted source. Prayers are answered, even the subconscious pleas we do not hold in our thoughts. Tools like tarot, for me, are simply to help man reflect on existence, if divine message comes through that is up to god. Be weary of unfriendly energies who may also use those channels to distract you. Question all things, study the mind and chaos magic, embrace christos, and serve fellow man with every prompting, for god lies in our actions, and entropy of the soul is fed by neglect to act.

walk in peace

Consider viewing yourself from the cosmos, where day and night become irrelevant. Embrace the ritual of charitable acts, guide fellow man to healing and clarity.

The front desk where they check your temple recommend is exactly the kind of table J-man would be flipping.

The cosmos do not concern themselves with earthly seasons, lengths of daylight, or positions of bodies in the solar system. The thinning of the veil at this time of year is an egregore itself. The spirit world is readily available at all times.

Ere my eyes turn, even mirror, false prophets. For flesh is tainted and god is beyond limits of perception. And yet…when all is said and done, you'll believe god is a sandwich.

Jesus of Nazareth may not be the only christos..bodhisattva..messiah..but in this moment, he is my guide, and I shall do none but follow him. #sundayfunday

..and yet he may be the one true savior, i must watch my ego.

It is not only those who suffer in the streets that require softer words from those who aide, but also those who gather in chapels, for their church vocabulary has become chains of the psyche. And for each individual, of every background, culture and language, there is a flow of love that we can tap into to speak the words that will bring understanding and light to each soul til all are transfigured in christos.

We can honor the Christos and study the life of Jesus of Nazareth, without indulging in the absurdities of religious-theatrical organizations. Learn from all walks of faith, yet ever strip away the tainted words of man so the uncorrupted source may flow through you. Serve fellow man as often in moderation. Reverse entropy of the soul through loving action.

Dreams are often our psyche just processing, but the thinning of the veil and occasional connection to beyond…Just ponder the infinite. Question all things. Remember flesh is tainted so trust nothing, but a reminder to study the dead is rarely a bad thing. Take care friend, walk in peace.

As I wander temple square I ponder on the idolatry, the great and spacious buildings, the empirical nature of the organization and the twisted face of charity they present. I speak not, for the enemy is powerful, but I pray and ponder deeper each moment.

Our "great" leaders…both temporal and spiritual..more concerned with renovating their castles than the well being of the people. They segregate the suffering with blind eye and forget the deep art of charity. I shall continue to aide those in despair and pray that christos flip every last table.

#iloathetoseethetemple

Examine every aspect of existence

Wash away distraction
Hold fast sublime connection

The archaic minded men of the church are my biggest threat. My life feels in further danger with each word. And yet, god grants me strength as they bid me speak.

Pray my days are long.
Yet all things on gods time.

pond oft

The church is not my enemy
nor the temporal leaders at work
nor the highway patrol men
nor the state homeless coordinator

and yet..
I know not how to reach their hearts

god guide me

Their claims on
"The fullness of the gospel"
has become a constipation
on this earth

god guide me

Dear Reader,

Thank you for your time.
We hope you enjoyed both the
Spicy Gospel and the
Urban Meditations.

Until next time.

with *love*,

Long Name
Bradjley
Brad Joseph Brinkman